

TIMON of ATHENS,

Altered from SHAKESPEAR,

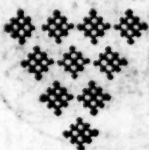
A

TRAGEDY.

As it is ActED at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Post hoc vehemens lupus.



D U B L I N :

Printed for J. EXSHAW, H. SAUNDERS, W. SLEATER
D. CHAMBERLANE, J. POTTS, J. HOEY, Jun.
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and C. JENKINS, M,DCC,LXXII.

TIMON OF ATHENS

As acted from SHAKESPEARE

TRAGEDY.

As acted in the Theatre-François.



DUBLIN:
Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Strand, near St. Dunstons Church.
1795.



With I could have brought
I this Play upon the Stage
with less Violence to its
Author, and not so much Respon-
sibility on my own Part. New cha-
racters of necessity require some dis-
play. Many original passages of
the first merit are still retained, and
in the contemplation of them, my
errors, I hope, will be overlooked or
forgiven; In examining the Bril-
liancy of a Diamond, few people
throw away any Remarks upon the
dullness of the foil.

Richard Cumberland.

N. B. The Lines within Commas are additional.

Dramatis Personæ.

Timon
 Alcibiades
 Apemantus
 Flavius
 Lucius
 Lucullus
 1st Senator
 2d Senator
 3d Senator
 Poet
 Painter
 Jeweller
 Merchant
 Flaminius
 Caphis
 Servilius
 Hortensius
 Varro
 Titus
 Lucius
 Philotas
 Soldier
 Messenger
 Ditto
 Servant to Lucullus

Mr. Barry
 Mr. Crofts
 Mr. Banister.
 Mr. Packer.
 Mr. Palmer.
 Mr. Hurst.
 Mr. J. Aickin.
 Mr. Inchbald.
 Mr. Keen
 Mr. Jefferson.
 Mr. Davies.
 Mr. Wright.
 Mr. Fawcett.
 Mr. Brereton.
 Mr. Ackman.
 Mr. Wrighton
 Mr. Griffith.
 Master Cape.
 Mr. J. Burton
 Mr. Wheeler.
 Mr. Jacobs.
 Mr. Baddely.
 Mr. Follet
 Mr. Watkins
 Mr. Lings

Evanthe

Mrs. Barry.

Senators, Officers, Servants, Soldiers, &c. &c



TIMON of **ATHENS**,

A. C. T. I.

S C E N E. I.

A HALL in TIMON'S House.

Enter Poet and Painter.

P O E T

GOOD day, Sir.

J. Pain. I am glad y' are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long ; how goes the world ?

Pain. It wears Sir as it goes.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity ? what so strange,
Which manifold record not matches ? see !

Jeweller and Merchant enter ; other Suitors pass over the Stage.

Magick of bounty ! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both ; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt.

6 TIMON OF ATHENS.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continue goodnes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't :
For the Lord *Timon*, Sir ?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate : but for that—
Exeunt Merchant and Jeweller.

Poet. [*to himself.*] When we for recompence have
praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our poesie is a gum, which issues
From whence 'tis nourished.
What have you there ?

Pain. A picture, Sir——and when comes your book
forth ?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis,
This comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable ! how this grace
Speaks his own standing ? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth ? how big imagination
Moves in this lip ? to th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life :
Here is a touch——is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature ; artificial strife
Lives in those touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators. and pass on.

Pain. How this Lord is followed !

Poet. The Senators of *Athens* ! happy man !

Pain

Pain. Look, more !

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
I have upon a high and pleasant hill [visitors.
Feign'd *Fortune* to be thron'd. The base o' th' mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures;
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states : amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixt,
One do I personate of *Timon's* frame,
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to th' scope.
This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well exprest
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on :
When *Fortune* in her shift and change of mood
Spurns down her late lov'd, all his dependants,
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands,) let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common :
A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To shew Lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

S C E N E. II.

Flourish of Trumpets. *Timon* attended by several Suitors
Senators, Jeweller, Merchant, &c. &c. addressing
himself courteously to every one.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you ? [to a Messenger.

Mes. Ay my good Lord ; five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most freight :

Your

Your honourable letter he desires:
To those have shut him up, which failing to him
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Ventsidius*! well—

I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him.
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mef. Your Lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchiz'd bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. fare you well.

Mef. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painted is the almost natural man:
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance:
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, Gentleman; give me your hand;
[*to the Merchant,*

We must needs dine together—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my Lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't, as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.

Jew. Believ't, dear Lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer.

Mer. No my good Lord, it is the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look who comes here.

Enter Apemantus.

Will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear it with your Lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus*!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
When thou art *Timon's* dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves, thou know'st
them not?

Apem. Are they not *Athenians*?

Tim. Yes

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus*.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, *Apemantus*?

Apem. The best for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter:
And yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not
cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking—How now, poet?

Poet. How now philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where
thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'st do then, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had so hungry a wit to be a Lord—
Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay *Apemantus*.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not.

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades* and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us;

Exit.

You must all dine with me—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank't you and when dinner's done,
Shew me this Piece. I'm joyful of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome, Sir!

[*Bowing and embracing*

Apem. So, so! Aches contract, and starve your supple joints! that there should be small love amongst these sweet knaves, and all this courtesie! the strain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have ev'n sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.

E'er we do part, we'll share of bounteous time
In different pleasure. Pray you let us in.

[*Exeunt*
Manet

A T R A G E D Y.

11

Manet Apemantus.

Apem. O you gods! what a number of men eat
Timon and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see
 So many dip their meat in one man's blood,
 And all the madness is he cheers them up too.
 I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men!

S C E N E. III.

Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. What time o' day is't *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honest.

Luc. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou that still omitt'st lit.

Lucul. Thou art going to Lord *Timon*'s feast.

Apem. Ay to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Lucul. Why, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Thou should'st have kept one to thyself, for
 I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make
 thy requests to thy friend.

Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog or——I'll spurn
 thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' th' ass.

[*Exit Apemantus.*]

Luc. He's opposite to humanity.

Come, shall we in, and taste Lord *Timon*'s bounty?

He, sure, outgoes the very heart of kindness.

Lucul. He pours it out. *Plutus*, the god of gold,
 Is but his steward: no meed but he repays
 Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
 But breeds the giver a return exceeding
 All use of quittance.

Luc.

Luc. The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Amagnificent assembly room, finely decorated and illuminated.

Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Senators and
Suitors.

Timon. " So, so! why this is well. But where's my
" daughter?

" Where is *Evanthe*? she's the mistress spirit

" That conjures up these revels.

Lucius. " Lo! she comes.—

*Evanthe advances from the back scene, attended by a
train of Ladies.*

Timon. " Give the flutes breath! [Flutes.

Luc. " Mark, how the general's rapt; I like not that

Alcib. " Hah! what new wonder; what enchant-
" ment holds me?

" All that I vew is splendid, rare and noble:

" But she (great Gods!) oh, she—Hence forward, *Tim-*
(on

" When I wou'd tell the sum of thy possessions,

" I'll say though hast a daughter: all things else

" I hold not worth the naming.

Evanthe. " Welcome, Sir!

Alcib. " Thanks, matchless Lady; not the rosy morn

" When she brings fame and victory on her wings,

" E'er blest me with such beauties.

Tim. " Pray ye sit:

" And as, in honour of our warlike guest,

" The shrill-ton'd clarions in loud concert pour

" Their swelling peal, a band of *Lydian* dancers

" Shall

" Shall all the while her airy measures tread
 " Responsive to the strain."

Here a grand dance is introduced to martial musick. The characters range on every side, some sitting, Alcibiades next to Evanthe ; he discourses with her during the dance.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, gentle friends !

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 By adding worth unto't, and lively lustre,
 I am to thank you for it. *Flavius ?*

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. More jewels yet ? there is no crossing him in's humour,
 Else I could tell him—well——

Luc. Where be our men ?

Serv. Here, my Lord, in readiness.

Tim. O my good friends !

I have one word to say to you ; look, my Lord,
 I must intreat you, honour me so much
 As to advance this jewel, accept, and wear it,
 Kind my Lord !

Luc. I am so far already in your gifts,——

All. So are we all.

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my Lord, a trifle of our Love.

Luc. With more than common thanks, I do receive it.

Lucul. He has the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on.
 'Tis yours because you lik'd it.

Lucul. Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

B

Tim.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord : I know no man can justly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh my friend's affection with my own ; I'll call on you,

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give
My thanks ; I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades.*

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee ; thy living
Is 'mongst the dead and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. I defy land, my Lord.

Luc. We are so virtuously bound——

Tim. And so am I to you.

Lucul. So infinitely endear'd——

Tim. All to you. Lights ! more lights, more lights !
Come, Sirs, there is a trifling banquet waits you.

Luc. The best of happiness, honour and fortunes,
Keep you, Lord *Timon*——

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt Lords*]

Manent Timon and Flavius.

Flav. I beseech your honour, vouchsafe me a word ;
it does concern you near.

Tim. Me near ? Why then another time I'll hear
thee . I pry'thee let's be provided to shew them enter-
tainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A publick place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

SENATOR.

AND late, five thousand: to *Varro*; and to *Isidore*
 He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum;
 Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
 Of raging waste. It cannot hold, it will not.
 If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
 And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold.
 If I would sell my horse, and buy ten more
 Better than he; why give my horse to *Timon*,
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
 Ten able horses. No porter at his gate;
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can sound his state in safety. *Caphis*, ho!
Caphis, I say.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your Cloake, and haste you to lord *Timon*.
 Importune him for monies, be not ceast
 With slight denial; nor then silenced with
 'Commend me to your master'—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, firrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past.
 And my reliance on his fracted dates

B. 2.

Has

Has smit my credit. I love and honour him ;
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger.
 Immediate are my needs, and my relief
 Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone.
 Put on a most importunate aspect,
 A visage of demand : for I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord *Timon* wilt be left a naked gull,
 Who flashes now a Phoenix—get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?—take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.

Cap. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, II.

An apartment in Timon's house.

Lucius and Evanthe,

Luc. “ Two tedious years are past since I have sigh'd
 “ In secret and consum'd away with love
 “ Of fair *Evanthe* : is it much to ask
 “ A moment's patience ?—On my knees I beg it.

Evan. “ Rise, rise, my Lord, you wrong your state
 “ too much :

“ Doubt not you have my love ; all that are friends
 “ To *Timon* have my love ; and you the most ;
 “ For you are inmost with his heart and guide,
 “ Those springs that put his bounty into action.
 “ You are no flatterer, you, to hug him close
 “ And hood-wink him with kisses, till he strikes
 “ The rocks, and shallows, where his fortunes perish.

Luc. “ Who doubts my friendship ?

Evan. “ Perish he that doubts it !

“ You are not like the false ones of the world,
 “ Who, when the veering winds forsake their quarter,
 “ Turn

" Turn from his worshipt side where late they hung,
 " And like the ebbing and unsteady waves,
 " Fall back and leave him bare.

Luc. " Enough of this ;

" I pray you hear me now.

Evan. " Your pardon Sir.

" Do I not know your most uncommon virtue ?

" And with what constancy you entertain

" The various gifts his bounty has shower'd on you ;

" But as the untouch'd pledges of his love ;

" Ready to deal them back with such addition,

" As grows in generous minds, when his necessities

" Shall challenge restitution, Would'st thou not

" Do all ; give all for my dear father's sake ?

[*Lucullus enters,*]

" Why here's *Lucullus* too ; a worthy Lord :

" How can I chuse but prize such equal friends ?

" Of this be both assur'd, such love as each

" To *Timon* bears, bear I to him. Farewel.

[*Exit Evanthé.*]

S C E N E. III.

Lucius and Lucullus.

" *Lucul.* How now, my Lord ; in private ?

" *Luc.* Yes, I thought so,

" Till an unwelcome, intermeddling Lord :

" Stept in and asked the question.

" *Lucul.* What, in anger ?

" By Heav'n's I'll gall him ; for he stands before me

" In the broad sunshine of Lord *Timon's* bounty,

" And throws my better merits into shade. [*aside.*]

" *Luc.* Now would I kill him, if I durst. [*aside.*]

" *Lucul.* Methinks.

" You look but coldly : What has cross't your suit ?

" Alas, poor *Lucius* ! but I read your fate

" In that unkind one's frown.

B. 3:

Luc.

- " *Luc.* No doubt, my Lord,
 " Yo that receive them ever, are well vers' d
 " In that unkind one's frowns ; as the clear stream
 " Reflects your person, so may you espy
 " In the sure mirror of her scornful brow
 " The clouded picture of your own despair,
 " *Lucul.* " Come, you presume too far: talk not thus
 " idly
 " To me that know you.
 " *Luc.* " Know me ?
 " *Lucul.* " Ay, that know you,
 " For one that courses up and down on errands,
 " A stale retainer at Lord *Timon's* table ;
 " A man grown great by making legs and cringes,
 " By winding round a wanton spendthrift's heart,
 " And gulling him at pleasure. Now, do I know you?
 " *Luc.* " Gods! must I bear this, bear it from *Lucullus*?
 " I, who first brought thee from Lord *Timon's* stirrup,
 " Set thee in sight, and breath'd into thy ear
 " The breath of hope? what had'st thou been, ingrateful
 " But that I took up *Jove's* imperfect work,
 " Gave thee a shape, and made thee into man ?

SCENE IV.

Alcibiades to them.

- " *Alcib.* " What, wrangling, Lords ; like hungry curs
 " for crusts ?
 " Away with this unmanly war of words !
 " Pluck forth your shining rapiers from their sheaths,
 " And level boldly at each other's heart !
 " Hearts did I say ?—But they are gone from home,
 " And hid in *Timon's* coffers—Fie upon it !
 " *Luc.* " My Lord *Lucullus*, I shall find a time.
 " *Alcib.* " Hah ! find a time ?—The brave make time
 " and place :
 " Gods, Gods ! what things are men ? You'll find a time ?
 " A time for what ? To murder him in's sleep ?
 " The

" The man, who wrongs me, at the altar's foot
 " I'll seize, yea drag him from the shelt'ring ægis.
 " Of stern *Minerva*.

Luc. " Ay, 'tis your profession.

Alc. " Down on your knees, and thank the gods for that;
 " Or woe for *Athens* ! was it left for such
 " As you are to defend. Do ye not hate
 " Each other heartily ? yet neither dares
 " To bare his trembling falchion to the sun :
 " How tame they dangle on your coward thighs !

Lucul. " We are no soldiers, Sir,

Alc. " No, ye are Lords :

" A lazy, proud, unprofitable crew,
 " The Vermin, gender'd from the rank corruption
 " Of a luxurious state.—No soldiers, say you ?
 " And wherefore are ye none ? have you not life,
 " Friends, honour, freedom, country to defend ?
 " He that has these by nature is a soldier,
 " And, when he weilds his sword in their defence,
 " Instinctively fulfills the end he lives for.
 " What then are ye ? Hence and avoid my sight.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lucullus.*]

Alcibiades,

" Gods ! that such triflers should be called *Athenians* :
 " O Great *Minerva*, patroness of *Athens*,
 " How is our fathers antient spirit fled !
 " By heav'ns I'll straight betake me to Lord *Timon*.
 " And free him from these harpies—Ha ! *Evanthe* ?

S C E N E V.

Alcibiades and Evanthe.

Alc. " Lady, your noble father's grossly wrong'd :
 " His fortune breeds a swarm of summer flies,
 " Whose filthy buzzing fills his ears a-while,

" Till

" Till with the first cold blast that nips his blossoms;
 " The flutt'ring insects take the wing; and leave him;

Evan. "'Tis *Lucius* and *Lucullus*, whom you point at.

Alc. " Chiefly at them for they were last in fight ;

" And 'tis but now I scar'd the drones away.

Evan. " For that I am to thank you ; my tir'd ears

" Had else been tortur'd with their dreams of love ?

Alc. " Their love ? with *Lucius* with *Lucullus* love ?

" How sleeps the thunder when men scale the heavens-

" Yet who can see such beauty and not love ?

" Our hearts must tell it, tho' our tongues keep silence.

Evan. " Nay, my, good Lord, no more of this, I

" pray you:

" She, who inspires thee with a private passion,

" Must be her country's foe.

Alc. " O say not that—

" Must then your soldier toil without reward ?

" Beauty, that sun of blifs, that lights the world,

" And love, that lifts us equal to the gods,

" Say must those blessings be reserv'd alone

" To the soft sons of peace ? Then war farewell !

" Take they who will, the chearless trade of arms,

" I envy not such honourable folly.

Evan. " Yes, you have words to make each cause:

" your own,

" Lips, which your master *Socrates* has tun'd

" To sounds, that soften, and persuade the soul ::

" Oh, you're an apt disciple.

Alc. " You mistake me ;

" I am no courtier ; have no wit no cunning,

" To wrap your heart in flattery's silken snare

" And hook it gently in, as some can do,

" Home-keeping youths, the Idlers of the age,

" Smooth summer fops, that line your father's table

" With fashionable follies.—I've no art

" To pay your virtue reverence with my eyes,

" And wrong it with my heart ; such as I am,

" Such nature form'd me ; philosophic aid

" Nor

“ Nor gives, nor takes away ; of nought I boast
 “ Save of a faithful, pure, and ardent love

Evan. “ O my caught heart; ah ! whither wou’d
 “ you lead me ?

“ But come, my Lord, the hall begins to fill ;

“ If you’ll commit yourself to such society

“ As my poor thoughts can furnish, a short hour

“ Frees you, and brings my father from the chace. ”

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V *continues.*

Enter Flavius with many bills in his band.

Flav. No care, no stop——so senseless of expence;
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot ? Takes no account
 How things go from him, and resumes no care
 Of what is to continue : never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
 What shall be done ?——He will not hear, till feel :
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
 Fy, fy, fy, fy. [Exit.]

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good evening ! what, you come for money ?

Var. It’s not your business too ?

Cap. It is ; and yours too ?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg’d.

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his train, with Flavius.

Tim. So soon as dinner’s done, we’ll forth again.

——Well, what’s your will ? [*They present their bills.*]

Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues ? whence are you ?

Cap. Of *Albens* here my Lord.

Tim.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days, this month :
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own ; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. My honest friend,
I prythee but repair to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One *Varro's* servant, my good Lord——

Isid. From *Isidore*, he prays your speedy payment——

Cap. If you did know, my Lord, my master's wants——

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, six weeks,
and past——

Isid. Your steward puts me off, my Lord and I
Am sent expressly to your Lordship.

Tim. Give me breath :——

I do beseech you, good my Lords, keep on, [*Ex. Lords.*
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither :
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clam'rous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour ?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business :
Your importunity cease, till after dinner ;
That I may make his Lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends ; see them well entertain'd.

Flav. Pray you, away ! [*Exeunt creditors.*

Tim. You make me marvel : wherefore, ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me ?
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.

Flav. You would not hear me :
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim.

Tim. Go to :

Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back :
And that unaptness made you minister
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flaw. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before ; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty ;
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept ;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks ; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time ;
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flaw. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone :
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues.

Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my land extend.

Flaw. O my good Lord, the world is but a world ;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone !

Tim. You tell me true.

Flaw. If you suspect my husbandry,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine ; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrellie,
I have retir'd me to a lonely corner,
And set my eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flaw

Flav. Heav'ns ! have I said, the bounty of this Lord !
 How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
 This night englutted ! who now is not *Timon's* ?
 Great *Timon's*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon's* ?
 Ah ! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is maid :
 Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,
 These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further,
 No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart ;
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
 Why dost thou weep ? canst thou the conscience lack,
 To think I shall lack friends ? secure thy heart ;
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,
 And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
 Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use,
 As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts !

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd
 That I account them blessings ; for by these
 Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
 Mistake my fortunes : in my friends I'm wealthy.
 Within there, Ho ! *Flaminius*, *Servilius* !

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other servants.

Serv. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you sev'rally.
 You to Lord *Lucius*—to Lord *Lucullus* you,—you to
Sempronius—commend me to their loves ; and I am
 Proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use
 'em toward a supply of money ; let the request be
 fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Flav. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus* ? humph !

Tim. Go, you. Sir, to the senators ; [*to Flavius.*]
 Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
 Deserv'd this hearing ; bid 'em send o'th' instant
 A thousand talents to me.

Flav.

Flav. I've been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can't be ?

Flav. They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—You are honourable—
And so intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them !

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy—
Go to *Ventidius*—pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou'rt true, and just ; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee : *Ventidius* lately
Bury'd his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate ; when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows,
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think
That *Timon's* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Stew. Would, I could not : that thought is bounty's
foe ;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exit.

End of the SECOND ACT.

C

ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Lucullus's House in Athens.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a servant to him.

SERVANT.

I Have told my Lord of you ; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my Lord.

Lucul. One of Lord *Timon's* men ; a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right : I dreamt of a silver bason and ewre to-night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very respectfully welcome, Sir ; fill me some wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good lord and master ?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir ; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius* ?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which in my Lord's behalf I come to intreat your Honour to supply ; who having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la, — Nothing doubting, says he ? alas, good Lord, a noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't ; and came again to supper to him on purpose to have him spend less.

And

And yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming; every man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from 't.

Enter a servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your Lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. *Flaminius*, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee;

Flam. Your Lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee —

Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the servant, who goes out.*]

—Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*; thy Lord's a bountiful Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (although thou comest to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ, And we alive that liv'd? fly, damned baseness! To him that worships thee. [*I brooding the money away*]

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee:

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!

I feel my master's passion. This slave

Unto this hour has my Lord's meat in him:

Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,

When he is turn'd to poison?

O! may diseases only work upon't:

And

And when he's sick to death, let not that part
Of nature, my Lord paid for, be of power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour ! [Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Hall in Timon's House.

Evanthe, Flavius.

Evan. " Nay, they shall all away : here, take the casket ;

" Away with these unprofitable trinkets,

" They mock my wretchedness ; get money, *Flavius*.

" Peace, man, reply not ; these plain weeds will serve

" The daughter of so poor a man as *Timon*.

" Go, go ; no more on't. [Exit Flavius.]

Servilius enters.

" Now *Servilius*—Well !

" What says *Sempronius* ? Where are the five talents

" Due from *Ventidius* ?

Servil. I have tried them both

" And they have both denied him ?

" The Gods deny them, when they crave their blessing

" Why he has been to these men as a father,

And kept their credit with a bounteous purse,

Now they deny him. " Scarce three days are past,

" Since he redeem'd *Ventidius* from a prison.

" Oh, the base soul of man—Come hither, Sir ;

" *Hortensius* the Senator late gave me

" Six young *Numidian* slaves, let them be sold.

" Go, see it done. [Exit *Servilius*.]

Flaminius enters.

" *Flaminius*, you were sent

" To Lord *Lucullus* ; come, tell out the talents.

Flam. " A fruitless errand have I made, dear Lady,

" To a most thankless man.

Evan. " Are you too empty ?

Flam. " Empty as air, as the false hollow heart

" Of

"Of him who has denied me.

Evan. "Oh! the villain.

This was my Lord's best hope; now all are fled,

Save the Gods only. Who can call him friend,

That dips in the same dish? This man ne'er drinks,

But *Timon's* silver treads upon his lip.

And yet, O see the monstrosity of man,

When he looks out in an ingrateful shape!

He does deny him in respect of his,

What charitable men afford to beggars.

Flam. "Religion groans at it.

Evan. "I have a picture,

"*Apelles* might have own'd it: 'tis my father:

"Lo, what a form he wears! A *Cretan* artist

"Trac'd out the living work. There was a time,

"Not all the treasures of the *Ephesian* fane,

"Had brib'd me to dispose on't. Here, *Flaminius*,

"Take it; get gold. Now I have nothing left.

[Exit *Flaminius*,

SCENE III.

Evanthe and Lucius.

Luc. "Alone; in tears too? Ill betide the cause,

"That wrings these pearly drops from such fair eyes!

"Look up, divine *Evanthe*; 'tis thy *Lucius*,

"Whose life, fame, fortune, whose extremest means,

"Lie all at thy devotion.

Evan. "Have a care; how afraid thou art!

"Art sure of that?

Luc. "What says my fair?

Evan. "I say,

"Art sure this is not flattery? Speak truly,

"You tell me all that you possess is mine;

"What, if I take you at your word you'll shrink

"From these large promises.

Luc. "Lady I swear—

Evan. "Oh! swear it by all means.

Luc. "Then in the name

" Of all the Gods at once——

Evan. " Ay, this is something ;

" Band 'em all in ; leave not a god uncall'd

" To witness to your oath ; my faith has need on't.

Luc. " Then let each conscious power, that sees me
" kneel,

" Witness how gladly *Lucius* would give up

" Rank, honours, riches, all the world holds dear,

" So he might gain thy love.

Evan. " Rise ; 'tis enough.

" Here is my hand—For that vile trash call'd gold,

" Well none on't.

Luc. " Hah !

Evan. " O we'll be rich in love ;

" Love is a pure, sublime, ethereal passion :

" *Timon* wants gold ; his state is shrunk to nothing.

" We need it not. Go, and restore him back

" All his too lavish bounty has show'r'd on you ;

" Build up his fortune to its former splendor :

" Do this, and I am thine.

Luc. " Humph !

Evan. " Do you waver ?

" Oh while you live beware of perjury,

" The Gods have registered your oath. Go *Lucius*.

" Cast off that glittering garb, as I have done,

" And take a noble poverty like mine :

" And fear not, *Lucius*, the consenting Heavens

" Shall bless your gratitude and my devotion ;

" With honest hands we'll labour to supply

" Life's slender wants, and scorn the guilty great.

Luci. " How's this ? is *Timon* ruin'd, did you say ?

Evan. " Go, ask his friends *Sempronius* and *Lucullus*

" They'll tell you he is ruin'd. Ask *Ventidius*,

" These abject souls will tell you he is ruin'd ;

" And therefore these have turn'd their backs upon him

" But you, my *Lucius*, you——

Luc. " Have these denied him ?

Evan. " All, all ; their hearts are flint.

Luc. " *Lucullus* too ?

Evan. " "

Evan. " He too, the viper that his bosom warm'd ;
 " None now remains untried, but you alone.

Luc. " Soft you, am I alone of all untried ?
 " *Sempronius* and *Lucullus* and *Ventidius* "

Have all denied ? And does, he send to me ?

It shews but little love or judgement in him.

Must I be his last refuge ? I am angry.

He has disgrac'd me in't. I see no sense for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man,

That e'er receiv'd gift from him. " For you Lady,

" Your beauty may do something, but not this.

" This were too much. The fairest of ye all

" May be too dearly bought..

Evan. " Away, Away,

" With these base shifts, these counterfeited complaints ;

" Nor love nor friendship ever round thy heart.

" Thou spiritless dissembler : die abhorr'd.

" Gold be thy bane, thy God be thy perdition !

" Out of my sight, ingrateful ! Hoa, *Flaminius* !

" Oh ! art thou fled ? Thy infamy light on thee,

" Unfeeling shameless villain..

S C E N E IV.

Evanthe and Alcibiades.

Alcib. " Who has wrong'd you ?

" And why these tears ? Speak, Lady I'm no flatterer :

" A plain Blunt man, who bears you more good will

" Than he will tell of ; courts no wealthy friend.

" And dares to own a poor one. Why do you shake

" Your head thus ? Where's your father ; is all well ?

" O my prophetic soul !

Evan. " Where is my father ?

" As low as misery and want can lay him.

Alcib. " Now the gods comfort him ! Spare your
 " sad story,

" I know it all. I am a man that carry

" My fortune by my side ; this sword, tho' poor,

" Has

" Has made men rich : the senate are my debtors ;
 " Thus arm'd, I'll strait before e'm. When their fleet
 " Perish'd at *Ægos*, and the city saw
 " The *Spartan* standard on their frighted walls,
 " What cou'd have sav'd the state, and bought them
 " peace,

" Had not *Lysander's* mercenary palm
 " Been fill'd with *Timon's* gold ? shall *Timon* then
 " Want that base dirt, while their cramm'd coffers stand
 " Up to the lips in coin ? the Gods forbid it.
Evan. " Alas, the Senate have been tried already
 They've all been touch'd, and all are found base metal,
 For they have all denied him.

Alcib. " Gods, I thank you;
 " Since 'tis your pleasure to allow such baseness,
 " For that this hour shall bring me into trial.
 " Adversity's dread fan shall now divide
 " The base light chaff, and give it to the winds :
 " Yet *Timon* shall confess he has a friend.
 " Go then, dear maid, meet this ingrateful time
 " With constant virtue and becoming scorn ;
 " Go to thy father, tell him I am gone
 " To this vile Senate, who deny his wants ;
 " And say, when I have chain'd those wakeful dragons
 " I'll shake their rich, and golden clusters down,
 " Or tear up roots and all.

Evan. " The Gods, preserve thee,
 " For in thy joint, and corporate perfections
 " Each great Divinity has stamp'd his own ;
 " All *Mars's* valour, ah *Apollo's* grace,
 " The bloom of *Bacchus*, and the port of *Jove*.
 [Exit *Evanthe*,

SCENE V.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other servants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met, good morrow, *Titus* and *Hortensius*—
Tim. The like to you, kind *Varro*.

Hor.

Hor. Lucius, why do we meet together ?

Luc. I think one business does command us all.
For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter Philotas.

Luc. And Sir *Philotas's* too.

Phi. Good day, at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour ?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much ?

Phi. Is not my Lord seen yet ?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder : he was want to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him.
You must consider that a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's, but not like his recoverable. I fear,
'Tis deepest winter in Lord *Timon's* purse.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witness :
I know my lord hath spent of *Timon's* wealth,
Ingratitude now makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns : what's

Luc. Five thousand. [yours ?]

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timon's* men.

Luc. *Flaminius* ! Sir, a word : pray, is my Lord
ready to come forth ?

Flam. No, Indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship ; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are
too diligent.

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha ! is not this his steward muffled so ?
He goes away in a cloud, call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir——

Var.

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Fla. What do you ask of me my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Fla. If money were certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your fums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my Lord's meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest in their glutt'nous maws;
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up,
Let me pass quietly: —

Believ't, my Lord and I have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. *Exit.*

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Tit. No matter what. — He's poor, and that's re-
venge enough. Who can speak broader than he that
has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against
great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O here's *Servilius*; now we shall have some an-
swer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair
some other hour I should derive much from it. For
take it of my soul,

My Lord leans wondrously to discontent:
His comfortable temper has forsook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the Gods.

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer.

Elam. [within.] *Servilius* help—my Lord! my Lord!

Enter

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus*.

Tit. My Lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my Lord.

Cap. And ours, my Lord.

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em——cleave me to the
girdle.

Luc. Alas my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pay that.

What yours——and yours?

Var. My Lord——

Cap. My Lord——

Tim. Here take me, tear me, and the Gods fall on you

[*Exeunt creditors*]

They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves
Creditors!——devils.

Fla. My dear Lord!

Tim. What if it should be so? ——

Fla. My dear Lord!

Tim. I'll have it so——My steward!

Fla. Here, my Lord.

Tim. So fitly!——Go, bid all my friends again.

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, All.——

I'll once more feast the rascals.

Fla. O my Lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul;

There's not so much left as to furnish out

A moderate

A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not thy care :
Go, and invite them all, et iu the tide
Of knaves once more : my cook and I'll provide.

Street of Athens.

Alcibiades and two Senators.

1 *Sen.* " Thus in few words you have your answer
(*Sir.*)

" The senate do refuse your suit for *Timon*,
" Holding themselves not bound to heal the waste,
" That every spendthrift makes—And in return
" For that intemperate heat, with which you urg'd
" them,"

They banish you for ever.

Alcib. Banish me !

2 *Sen.* " Come, no more."

If after two days shine, *Athens* contain thee,
Expect their weightier judgement.

Alcib. Hah ! their judgement ?

" Away, away, ye know not what ye do.
" Now, by the Gods ! rash men, if ye but whisper
" That word again, and clench your griping palms
" Against the ripe wants of my noble friend,
" Look to yourselves, grave Sirs, look to your city :
" By heav'ns I'll slip my soldiers at your throats,
" And gall you, slaves, for this ingratitde."

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE returns to Timon's house.

Enter divers Senators, at several doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of the day to you, *Sir.*

2 *Sen.* I also wish it to you : I think this honourable
Lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we
encountred. I hope, it is not so low with him, as he
made it seem in the tryal of his several friends.

2 *Sen*

2 *Sen.* It should not be, by the persuation of his new feasting.

1 *Sen.* I should think so : he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off : but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business ; but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Sen.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you ?

1 *Sen.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thousand pieces !

1 *Sen.* What of you ?

3 *Sen.* He sent to me, Sir—here he comes.

Enter Timon and attendants

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both, and how fare you ?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 *Sen.* The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter : such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay : feast your ears with the music a while ; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound : we shall to't presently.

1 *Sen.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble Lord

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer ?

[The banquet brought in.]

D

2 *Sen.*

2 *Sen.* Most honourable Lord, I'm e'en sick of shame that when your Lordship t'other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had but sent two hours before——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd dishes!

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? what's the news?

3 *Sen.* *Alcibiades* is banish'd: hear you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* banish'd!

3 *Sen.* Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? how?

3 *Sen.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man still.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

Tim. Each man to his stool with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city-feast of it, to let the meat cool e're we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves prais'd: but reserve still to give lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villians. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are—The rest of your foes O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people what is amiss in them, you Gods make suitable

suitable for destruction. For these my friends—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth'd-friends: smoke and luke warm
water

Is your perfection. This is *Timon's* last;
Who stuck and spangled with your flatteres,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reaking villany. Live loth'd and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first—thou too—and thou

[Throwing the dishes at them, and drives 'em out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villian's not a welcome guest.
Burn house, sink *Athens*, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man and all humanity! *Exit.*

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T. IV.

S C E N E. I.

TIMON'S House. Evanthé and Flavius.

EVANTHÉ.

“THE general banish'd, and my father fled?

Flav. “True, Lady, *Alcibiades* is banish'd;

“But fear not thou; he leads a gallant troop;

D 2

“With

" With hearts high beating in your father's cause;
 " Soon shall you see the haughty Senate humbled,
 " Crouching for pardon at Lord *Timon's* feet;
 " And this base city, that now casts him forth,
 " With one voice worshipping his glad return.

Evan. " Whence springs this hope in you? O! that
 " I felt it!

Flaw. " Why, *Aleibiades* is up in arms: to come
 " Dreadful he comes, like an avenging god,
 " To chasten this proud city; e're the sun
 " Shall tinge yon western cliffs, *Athens* shall hear
 " His trumpet at her gates. Pale staring forms
 " Course up and down, and fill the streets with terror.
 " But now as I crost *Mar's-bill*, I met
 " Two of the Senate, who with eager speech,
 " And almost inarticulate with fear,
 " Pray'd me to give them conduct to my Lord;
 " Courting my service in most abject terms.

Evan. " That's well! Ah! what is well while
 " wretched *Timon*

" Houseless and bare, a spectacle of pity,
 " Wanders I know not where? come, let us carry,
 " These last few relicks of a scatter'd fortune
 " To thy poor master.

Two Senators enter.

1 *Sen.* " Noble lady, stay!

Evan. " Off, let me pass.

2 *Sen.* No, we yet rule in *Athens*;

" And by the Senate's voice command your stay.

Evan. " Shame to your Senate; slavery be your
 " portion.

" And sorrows deep as mine encrease upon you!
 " Oh, you have struck the noblest heart in *Athens*,
 " The first, the clearest spirit of the time;
 " Him on whose meanest stirrup ye have hung
 " With spaniel-like observance; him, whose shrine
 " Morning and evening ye have fed with incense,
 " While the Gods went unworshipt; him at length

" Mad

" Mad with his wrongs, ye've driv'n to range the wood
 " And vacant wilds; hence then, and let me forth!

2 Sen. " Lady, it must not be.

Evan. " Have you no daughters?

" No sense of filial piety, no mercy?

" That thus relentless you heap crime on crime,

" Murder the father, and enslave the child!

1 Sen. " Murder the father? no; dear as yourself,

" We prize Lord *Timon's* life; every fond art

" Will be employ'd to sooth his troubled soul

" And bring him back to happiness and thee.

Evan. " Where is he then? let me behold his face,

" Let me embrace him, bathe him with my tears:

" And doubt not but I'm in your bosoms, Sirs;

" 'Tis not repentance for unkindness past;

" 'Tis not the hand of mercy turns your hearts

" To think of *Timon* thus; 'tis dread of vengeance,

" 'Tis *Alcibiades* that awes your souls,

" 'Tis that young warrior, thund'ring at your gates,

" That bids you keep a hostage in your hands

" To mollify his anger.

2 Sen. " We confess it;

" Our hopes rest all with thee; therefore no more;

" But, like another tutelar *Minerva*,

" Walk forth and save the city.

1 Sen. " Yield, dear Lady,

" And from necessity strike out a grace;

" So shall thy father's fortunes be restor'd

" To their first splendor, and thy *Athens* sav'd

" From pitiless destruction.

2 Sen. " What we ask,

" We may command.

Evan. " No menaces, proud Lords;

" Mercy, not terror, governs in my heart,

" One such word more and you are lost for ever!

Flav. " Come, gentle mistress, let thy servant join

" His prayers to those of the repentant Senate:

" What profit can thy father's cause derive

" From vain resistance? Pray you be advis'd.

Evan. " Hark'ee, my Lords, the rulers as you say,

" And

" And Senators of *Athens* ; this good man

" Was *Timon's* steward, let him have free passage

" And instant to his master.

2 Sen. " It is granted.

Evan. " Let him bear all refreshments, viands, wines

" And costly vestments, such as *Timon* us'd

" In his full State.

1 Sen. 'Tis done.

Evan. " The thousand talents,

" Which you (O shame !) refus'd let them be sent

" To the last drachm, and be you the bearers.

2 Sen. " Is there aught else ?

Evan. " Upon these terms I yield

" To stay the general's coming : what your exile

" May else inflict, short of your city's ruin

" And slaughter of the guiltless herd within it,

" I know not, nor am studious to divert.

1 Sen. " Be with us only in this hour of peril,

" We are content.

Evan. " Then, *Flavius*, get thee hence ;

" Bear my fond wishes to thy injured Lord,

" Comfort the sufferer with thy friendly care,

" And reconcile him to the world again.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, the WOODS.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed, breeding sun, draw from the earth

Rotten humidity : Infect the air

Below thy sister's orb. All is oblique ;

There's nothing level in our cursed natures,

But direct villany. Then be abhor'd,

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !

Destruction phang mankind ! Earth, yield me roots !

[*Digging the Earth.*

Who seeks better of thee, for sawce his palate

With

With thy most operant poison !—Whats here ?
 Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ?
 No, Gods, I am no idle votarist.
 Roots, you clear Heav'ns ! thus much of this will make
 Black, white ; foul, fair ; wrong, right ;
 Base, noble ; old young ; coward, valiant.
 You Gods ! why, this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides :
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions ; bless the accurs'd ;
 Make the hoar leprosie ador'd ; place thieves.
 And give them title, knee and approbation,
 With Senators on the bench : this is it,
 That makes the weeping widow wed again ;
 She, whom the spittle-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To th' *April* day again. Come damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature. —[*March afar off.*] Ha, a drum ?
 —thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee——thou'lt go, (strong thief)
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*]

Enter Alcibiades with drum and fife in warlike manner.

Alc. What art thou there ? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,

For shewing me again the eyes of man !

Alc. What is thy name ? is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thyself a man ?

Tim. I hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alc. " Gods, 'tis he !

" This wretched thing is *Timon* ; sure his wits
 Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

How

How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the moon does by wanting light to give.
But then renew I could not like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. What friendship may I do thee, noble *Timon*?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none.

I prythee beat thy drum and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble?

I'd rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well,

Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* in a heap—

Tim. War'st thou 'gainst *Athens*?

Alc. Ay, and in thy cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy conquest,

And, after thee, go on, here's gold, go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one,

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He is an usurer. Strike me the matron,

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd—Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword. Spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it fans remorse. Swear against objects,

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of Priest in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. I've gold to pay thy soldiers.

Make

Make large confusion ; and thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Exit Timon.

Alc. " *Phocion* !

Pho. " My Lord.

Alc. " Be it your care to guard

" This place and *Timon* ; you perceive his humour,
 " And therefore cross him not, but spread your party,
 " In secret round this thicket where he haunts.
 " It seems he has found a treasure ; what it is,
 " Or how in's present mood he may dispose on't,
 " I know not—Therefore. *Phocion*, look you to it.
 " Farewell. For *Athens*, *ho* ! Bid the line march.

[Exeunt.]

Tim. That nature being sick of man's unkindness
 Should yet be hungry ! O thou common mother,
 Yield him, who all thy human sons does hate.
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
 Enscar thy fertile and conception's womb ;
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. Oh, you Gods !
 Is yon despised and ruinous man my Lord ?
 Full of decay and falling ? oh monument
 And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd !
 H'has caught me in his eye, I will present
 My honest grief to him ; and, as my Lord,
 Still serve him with my life. My dearest master !

Timon comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir ?

Tim. Why dost thou ask that ? I have forgot all men.
 Then if thou grantest that thou art a man,
 I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest servant,——

Tim.

Tim. Then I know thee not :
I ne'er had honest men about me ; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The Gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone Lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ? come nearer, then I
love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give
But or thro' lust, or laughter ; " my dear daughter !
" (Oh ! comfort her sweet heav'n ! where'er she is !)
" She is a woman too.

Flav. " Ay, and the gent'lest,
" Purest, and best that ever bore the name,
I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
" Which your dear daughter's piety has sent you,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Have I then friends,
So true, so just, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild ?
Let me behold thy face :
Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual, sober Gods ! I do proclaim
One honest man : mistake me not, but one :
No more, I pray ; and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself : but all, save thee,
I fell with curses, Yet declare the truth,
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
A usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one ?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, (in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late,)
That which I shew, Heav'n knows, is merely love.

Tim. Thou singly honest man,
Here, take ; the Gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure, go, live rich and happy :

But

But thus condition'd ; Thou shalt build from men :
 Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none ;
 But let the famisht flesh slide from the bone,
 Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men. Let prisons swallow 'em,
 Debts wither 'em ; be men like blasted woods,
 And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
 And so farewell and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
 Stay not, but fly, whilst thou art blest and free ;
 Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee,
 [Exit Flavius.]

Enter Apemantus.

More man ? plague, plague !

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
 Whom I would imitate ; consumption catch thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune, Why this spade ? this place ?
 This slave-like habit, and those looks of care ?
 Thy flatt'ers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
 Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever *Timon* was. Shame not those weeds,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatt'rer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which has undone thee ; hinge thy knee,
 And let this very breath whom thou'lt observe
 Blow off thy cap : do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou'st cast away thyself, being like thyself,
 So long a mad-man, now a fool. What think'st thou
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlane,
 Will put thy shirt on warm ? will these moist trees
 That have out-lived the eagle, page thy heels,

And

And skip when thou point'st out ? will the cold
 brook,
 Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures
 Whose naked natures live in all the spight
 Of wreckful heav'n, whose bare unhouled trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer meer nature ; bid them flatter thee ;
 Oh ! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee ; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why ?

Tim. Thou flatt'rest misery.

Apem. I flatter not ; but say, thou art a caytiff.

If thou didst put this sowre cold habit on
 To castigate thy Pride, 'twere well ; but thou
 Dost it enforcedly : thou'dst courtier be,
 Wert thou not beggar.

Tim. Thou art a slave, whom fortunes tender arm
 With favour never claspt ; bred but a dog.
 Hadst thou like us, from our first swath proceeded
 Through sweet degrees, thou would'st have plung'd
 thyself

In general riot, melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but followed
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the World as my confectionary,
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employments ;
 That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak ; have with one winter's brush
 Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burthen.
 Thy nature did commence in suffrance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
 men ?

Thy

They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject; who in spite put stuff
 To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue, he editary. Hence! begone—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been flatterer.

Apem. Thou'rt too bad to curse.

[*Exit.*]

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T. V.

SCENE *changes to the Walls of Athens.*

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
 As full as they report?

Mes. I have spoke the least,
 Besides his expedition promises
 Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers

3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect—
 The enemies drum is heard. and fearful scowring
 Doth choak the air with dust. In and prepare:
 Our's is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt in the gate.*]

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
 Our terrible approach.

[*Sound a parley.*
Senators.]

E

[*Senators appear upon the walls.*]

" Oh ! have I rouz'd you ?

" Your banish'd soldier is return'd, my Lords,

" And vengeance now must work.

1 *Sen.* " Speak your desires.

Alc. " Bring forth *Evanthe*, noble *Timon's* daughter,

" Set her before me. By the Gods, rash men,

" If ye have dar'd to touch her sacred life,

" I'll tread your cursed city into dust

" And bury you in the ruins.

2 *Sen.* " Noble Sir,

" Here is the lady ready to come forth ;

" (Give her safe conduct there !) and we do hope

" She'll prove a gentle advocate with thee

" To stir thy noble heart unto forgiveness :"

We sent to thee to give thy rages balm

To wipe out our ingratitude with loves

Above its quantity.

1 *Sen.* So did we woo

Transformed *Timon* to our city's love,

By humbling message and by promis'd meads ;

We were not all unkind, nor all deserve

The common stroke of war.

3 *Sen.* Set but thy foot,

Against our rampir'd gates and they shall ope.

So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before

To say thou'lt enter friendly.

(*Evanthe enters.*)

Alc. " Hah, she comes,—

" Hail, loveliest, dearest maid ;

" Oh, grant thy soldier to repay his toil

" With this one fond embrace.

1 *Evan.* " Thus on my knees,

" I thank the gods and thee, and thus beseech thee,

" O spare thy Country, spare the reverend Senate,

" Spare this repentant city." These our walls

Were not erected by their hands from whom

We have received our griefs ; nor are they such,

That

'That these great tow'rs, trophies, and schools shou'd fall
For private faults in them.

Alc. " Sweet pleader, rise !

" Hear ye this, Sirs ?"

1 *Sen.* March on dear countryman,
Into our city with thy banners spread :
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage
Spare thy Athenian cradle ; like a shepherd
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion ; all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove ;
Descend and open your uncharged ports,
Those enemies of *Timon*, and mine own,
Whom ye yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more ; and to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning ; not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream,
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied by public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend and keep your words.

Evan. "—'Tis done! my country can demand no more ;
" Now, nature, I am thine.

Alc. " What means *Evanthe* ?

Evan. " I've sav'd a city ; grant me now, kind Gods,
" To save a father. Give me instant convoy
" To the lone wilds where wretched *Timon* haunts,
" And with the howling savages consorts
" The exile of mankind.

Alc. " See where the senate

" Expect us at their gates : enter with me,
" And all due terms of reconciliation ended,
" Myself will be your guide.

Evan. " Forbid it, Heav'n !

" Too much already have I given to *Athens*

" My heart is gone before to *Timon's* cave ;

" And I must follow it.

Alc. " Yet e're we part.

" The hope, to which your looks, your words, gave, life

" Bid it grow up and multiply within me :

" Oh, take from piety a moment's truce,

" And once again with soft consenting smiles

" Tell me *Evanthe* will be only mine.

Evan. " O covetous in love ; possessing all

" Which my fond heart can give, dost thou require

" That I should tell it to thee o'er and o'er,

" While with a miser's transport thou enjoy'st

" The contemplation of thy own success ?

" Yield to the time ; a father claims me now ;

" Sacred to him let me preserve this hour,

" Nor take from nature what I give to thee. [Exit.

Alc. " *Pausanias*, take thy guard ; follow *Evanthe*,

" And spread with care thy troop around the wood

" Where *Timon* harbours ; give the word for *Athens*.

[*Alcibiades enters the city with his army.*

S C E N E, *changes to a street in Athens.*

Lucullus enters.

" Let the storm light upon improvident man !

" I saw it in the wind. Let *Athens* blaze ;

" Let *Alcibiades* with brutal rage

" Extinguish this fair scene, and these fam'd schools,

" Towers, temples, palaces, convert to dust ;

" *Lucullus* built not on such sandy hopes

" But as the wary falcon hangs her nest

" Where danger cannot reach it, so did I,

" Prophetic of this hour, dispose my fortune

" Where the sun never looks, within the womb

" Of mother earth, deep hid, a mine of gold,

" A magazine to save or sack a city,

" The fruit of seven years bounty from this *Timon*.

" With

" With all my thrift cou'd add——Good morrow
 " *Caphis*.

Caphis enters.

Caph. " Here's a sad change ; all's lost—myself
 " beheld

" Your Palace flaming.

Lucul. " Knowing this, good *Caphis*,

" I know the worst——What bring you from Lord
 " *Timon* ?

Caph. Contempt and mockery ; he's too proud to
 " curse you.

Lucul. " Took he the gold I sent ?

Caph. " He took your gold

" And scattered it like ashes ; why 'twas nothing ;

" Breast high in coin he stands, I think the Gods

" Have show'r'd it on him ; never did I see

" So vast a treasure.

Lucul. " Hah ! a treasure sayst thou ?

" Did I hear right ; hath *Timon* found a treasure ?

Caph. " He hath, my Lord ; and such an one it
 " seems

" As betters his lost fortune.

Lucul. " You confound me ;

" Where was this mine discovered ? Tell me, *Caphis*.

" Canst thou describe the spot ?

Caph. " Know you the wood

" West of the City, where Lord *Timon* keep

" His wild and savage haunt ?

Lucul. " Well, *Caphis*, well ;

" Proceed, I know it well ; each brake and bramble ;

" Each little path that threads its winding way

" Thro' the fantastic maze, I can unravel

" Familiar as my garden.

Caph. " On the skirts

" Of this rude waste within a lonely dell,

" With poplars and with aspens planted round,

" Sacred to *Faunus* stands a Sylvan fane.

" An antique structure.

Lucul.

Lucul. " Did he find it there ?

" I am alive again.

Capb. " Observe me well :

" South of this fane, about an arrow's flight,

" A solitary beech, whose upmost boughs,

" Mould'ring with age, in leafless ruin hang,

" The grandfire of the forest, stands—

Lucul. " Enough,

" It is my treasure ; you've described the spot—

" It is my treasure ; these providing hands

" Dug the unfaithful soil and at the root

" Of that old traitor buried all my hopes.

Capb. " Your treasure ?—Fortune how severe thou
" art !

Lucul. " These are your doings, ye vindictive Gods !

" I see you rise against ingratitude.

" And push us from the earth ; I have deserv'd it.

" *Timon*, thou art revenged—Death, be my refuge !

Lucius enters muffled.

" Soft, who goes there ? *Lucullus*, as I think ;

" I have no heart to speak. Where shall I hide ?

" What hill will cover, or what cave conceal

" A wretch like me ? Wou'd I were *Timon's* dog

" Rather than what I am—Egregious dotard !

*Various Soldiers of Alcibiades enter, carrying plate,
treasure, &c.*

" How now, what's here ? O poison to my sight !

" These are my treasures—Lost undone for ever.

" See, see another yet, and yet another—

" By heavens the very cup which I did worship

" More reverently than the Gods—It was the work

" Of antique *Melidorus*, fit to bear

" Celestial *Nectar* from the ministring hand

" Of *Hebe* to the lips of *Cretan Jove*.

" Swallow me, earth—Oh, the unholy villains,

" They pause for breath ; they'll kill me if I speak to

" 'em.

[*They pass over.*

" But

" But soft this man seems of a gentler sort :

" He is a stranger of the General's train,

" And knows me not. I may accost him safely.

" The good hour to you, Sir—I pray you now

" Whence are these riches ?

Sold. Do you live in *Athens*,

" And ask that question ? know you not one *Lucius* ?

Luc. " I've seen the man.

Sold. " Then you have seen a villain,

" A most dissembling, base, unmanly villain.

" Wou'd I cou'd meet him—

Luc. " Wou'd you slay him then ?

Sold. " No, but the sight of these his treasures wou'd :

" We've stript the knave to the skin ; he did deny

" Lord *Timon* certain vile and sorry drachms

" In his distress ; now *Timon's* star prevails,

" And justice wrings these treasures from the gripe

" Of that perfidious, that ingrateful *Lucius*.

Luc. " Men in all ages have been found ingrateful.

Sold. " But none like him ; society bleeds for it.

Luc. " Hath *Athens* then a law to try the heart ?

Sold. " The order of the General is our law.

Luc. " But is there nothing sav'd ?

Sold. " All, all is swept

" To the last drachm ; pictures, statues, coins,

" Rich hangings, couches, vestments wrought with
" gold,

" And robes of *Tyrian* dye ; plate, jewels, gems——

" Is't not a pleasant jest ? Why laugh you not ?

" You only seem of all men to be sad.

Luc. " I cry you mercy ; I am wondrous merry——

[*Feigns a laugh.*

" I've heard he had a ring, a most rare jewel,

" Is that gone too ?

Sold. " Behold !

[*Shewing the ring.*

Luc. " Ay 'tis the same.

Sold. " Mark what a play ! 'tis a most perfect stone.

Luc. " Wou'd 'twere a basilisk ? — must this away

" To *Timon's* with the rest ?

Sold.

Sold. " Yes, and 'tis time

" That it were there—Good morrow, gentle Sir.

Luc. Curse on your courtesy! [*aside*

Sold. I'm glad you like

" The ring so well : If you should meet the knave,

" Tell him the prize we've got, and gird him well,

" I know 'twill give you pleasure : All men loath him.

" Be sure you wring him to the quick--remember. [*Exit.*

Luc. " Remember ! yes : no fear but I'll remember.

" You've giv'n me cause ; the Gods, who deal in ven-
" geance,

" Reward you for it ! I could dash my brains,

" For that way only can I 'scape remembrance.

" O nature, what a luckless piece of work was man !

[*Exit.*

S C E N E.

The prospect of a rude wild country, to a considerable extent, with the ruins of a temple to Faunus, Timon is discovered at the extremity of the stage led in by Flavius : At the same time Evanthe enters at the front, surveys him some time, and while he slowly advances, speaks.

Evan. " O spectacle of sorrow ! Mighty Gods,

" Is that my father ?—is that mournful ruin,

" That bare and blasted trunk the spreading vine,

" Beneath whose shade late a whole nation sat

" And feasted from its branches ? Hold, my heart :

" Sink not, my knees, beneath your weight of woe,

" But bear me to his feet—My Lord, my father !

[*She kneels.*

Tim. " Rise, rise, my daughter—do I once again

" Enfold thee in my arms ? Alas, my child,

" I'm old and weak and smitten sore with grief.

" Gods, how ingratitude lays waste your works !

" Unkindness, like another deadly plague,

" Strikes all below the moon ; creation groans ;

" Nature with more than mother's pangs brings forth

" Her thankless offspring man

Evan. " All shall be well.

Tim.

Tim. " All, all is well, for thou art in my sight.

" Mute as these scenes and calm as summer seas,

" Here will we sit and meditate a while,

" Then die and be at peace.

Evan. Oh ! talk not thus.

Tim. " Give me your pardon ; I have suffer'd much,

" And much I fear sorrow has shook my wits ;

" But in the bitterest moments of affliction,

" I have remember'd still to bless my child.

Evan. " O bless me not in part, compleat my joy,

" Return to me, to *Athens*, to thyself,

" And these base emblems of thy discontent,

" Like the *Nessean* garment cast away,

" And be at peace with a repentant world.

Tim. " Can I, who from the depth of hell have call'd

" Malignant spirits to ensnare mankind,

" I, who each night upon the lonely strand

" By the sea brink, or in this silent waste

" Have stood and bandied curses to the moon,

" Till the grey dawn look'd out ; can I now teach

" That voice, which execration has made hoarse,

" The smooth soft notes of peace ? will nature pardon,

" That common mother, in whose patient bosom

" I have stuck iron goads ?——It will not be.

Flav. " Move him no more, dear Lady 'tis in vain.

Tim. " Yet I had cause—Speak *Flavius*, thou art

" honest,

" And wilt not flatter, had I not full cause ?

Flav. " May the just Gods, who know thy wrongs,

" revenge 'em !

Tim. " Hush, hush ! no more of that—We must be

" calm ;

" Shatter'd with storms, at length I see my port,

" And stretch for death's calm shore—Rejoice my child,

" Thy father's sufferings hasten to an end,

" And life and care shall terminate together.

Eva. Alas, my father, talk not in this strain ;

" Bright years of glory rise to crown thy hopes ;

" Great *Alcibiades* defends thy cause,

" The

" The suppliant Senate come to kiss thy feet,
 " Loaded with treasure, while repentant *Athens*
 " From all her gates pours forth unnumber'd crouds,
 " To hail thy glad return.

Tim. " —Why let them come !

" Shou'd *Alcibiades* to please old *Timon*,
 " Burn *Athens* to a heap, crush the proud Senate,
 " And swallow that vile swarm of summer friends,
 " That left him bare to shame ; shall *Timon* say
 " I thank thee, Sir, for this great courtesy ?
 " Shall man say this to man, who in pure love
 " And singleness of heart ne'er stirs his hand
 " To aid his suffering fellow ?

Evan. " Nay that's hard.

Tim. " Rather let *Timon* say, I have a daughter
 " Beauteous and young, and fair as unsun'd lilies ;
 " Your eye has drank her charms, and strong desire
 " Knocks at your heart, therefore let *Athens* burn ;
 " Spare not a man that e'er spake *Timon's* name
 " But in the way of worship—Oh, 'tis great,
 " 'Tis glorious friendship in his daughter's arms.

Evan. " That daughter is no idle wanton, Sir,
 " To doat on every form that courts the eye ;
 " Tho' nature fashion'd him with every grace
 " Which the joint bounty of the Gods cou'd give him,
 " Yet *Alcibiades* had pass'd unnoticed,
 " With *Lucius* and *Lucullus*, and the herd
 " Of common flatterers, were he that base thing,
 " Which your description paints him.

Tim. " Soft you now ;

" He is a man, and *Flavius* is no more ;
 " Yet he is honest, and you'll say, another
 " May be so too—Two honest men, ye Gods ! —
 " Can there be two ? I know you can do much,
 " Ye great Divinities ! therefore I say,
 " It may be so ; but mark me well, my child,
 " I vouch it not ! that were indeed too much.

Evan. " Does Heav'n cloath falsehood in celestial
 " robes ?

" See where he comes. Who can survey that form,
 " And

- " And doubt if honour dwells in such a shrine ?
 " Yes, in each glance, each gesture it appears,
 " Lives in his tongue, and lightens in his eye,
 " Pervades, inspires, and occupies his soul.

Alcibiades enters.

Alcib. " Health to thee, noble *Timon* ! health and
 " fame,

- " Peace and fair fortune ! The *Athenian* Senate,
 " Stung with remorse and shame, present themselves
 " Entreating your return with them to *Athens*.

Tim. " Say to the Senate. you have seen me die ;

- " *Timon* is now no more ; here lies their prey.

*[He sinks down on the steps of the temple, being
 supported in his fall by Evanthe and Flavius.]*

- " The stout old hart they have cours'd so long in view,
 " Dead, dead you see, and fairly hunted down.

Alcib. " Much injured *Timon*., they have seen their
 " faults,

- " Their former thriftiness they have cast from them ;
 " And now their coffers, like their hearts, stand open
 " To your free use.

Tim. " Alas, kind hearted men !

- " Oh ! they are cunning murderers ; fine the wound,
 " And hard to trace, where sharp unkindness strikes,
 " Therefore they say I am not struck at all ;
 " But Heav'n rejects their plea, and in my heart
 " Sees the dire arrow rankle.

Alcib. " Live, oh live !

- " Shake off despair and live, most worthy *Timon*

" See on all sides my Soldiers fence thee round.

" *Athens* I've humbled to thy meanest use.

" And driv'n to shameful flight that loathsome crew,

" Whose black ingratitude corrodes thy heart.

Tim. " And what in recompence can *Timon* give

" To *Alcibiades* ?

Alcib. " More than the Gods did,

" When they gave life ; thou can'st bestow *Evanthe*.

Evan. " O *Alcibiades*, forbear to urge.

" At this sad hour thy inauspicious suit :

" Hence

" Hence must we date our nuptials ? this a time

" To ask a blessing in ? this awful moment,

" For mourning, for misfortune only fit,

" Can this be happy when a father dies ?

Tim. " No more : give me your hands ; come on
" each side :

" The overshadowing heavens shower down upon you

" Infinite blessings ; make you one in heart,

" In mind, faith, truth, contentment ! shun mankind :

" Live to yourselves and to the Gods alone.

Evan. " Break, break, my heart !

Tim. " Weep not for me, my child ! death is my cure,

" Life my disease. Son, daughter, friend, farewell.

" Bring not my corps within the walls of *Athens*,

" But lay me on the very hem of the sea,

" Where the vast *Neptune* may for ever weep

" On my low grave—Remember—Oh ! 'tis past [*Dies.*

Evan. " There fled his spirit : waft it, immortal gods

" Up to our heavenly mansions : yes, my father,

" We will entomb thee by the ocean's edge

" On the salt beech ; and when the thronging waves

" Whichever morn shall bow their curled heads

" To kiss thy tomb, shall, like the flattering friends

" Of this base world, fall off and leave thee bare ;

" Then will I come down to the vacant strand,

" Washing thy grave with never ceasing tears,

" Till the sea flows again.

Alcib. " Ah turn *Evantbe*,

" Turn from that mournful sight and look upon me :

" Damp not the blessing which his dying breath

" Pronounc'd upon us, and lament not him,

" Who freed from this bad world, rests from his cares.

" Now let us bear him to the neighbouring beach.

" And with such rites as soldiers use inter him

" Under the vaulted cliff, (such was his will)

" Strong in extreams, from love to hatred tost,

" In the fierce conflict he was whelm'd and lost."

F I N I S.



